

Talent

DIRECTOR

Let's have the talent!

ACTOR

Love the word, hate the wry intonation.

DIRECTOR

Jussssst count to four as you're allegedly watching couple sit down. Uh huh. Good! Now be a waiter.

ACTOR

And what will the gentleman and his gorgeous lady have?

DIRECTOR

Cut. Lovely lady.

ACTOR

Sorry. But gorgeous sounds bet-

DIRECTOR

They took surveys. Surveys said lovely.

ACTOR

I guess I'm talking about writing.

DIRECTOR

Oh? Well don't. That's not what it used to be and it never was. And be an oily sucker this next take-- this here's upscale saloon. Roll 'em!

ACTOR

And what will the gentleman and his lovely lady have? Such meditation! Then let me suggest--!

DIRECTOR

Cut! Print it!

ACTOR

That's it? Just what am I sugges--? What's the product for heaven's sake?

DIRECTOR

I don't know. Some booze-bottle snaps in the size of Rushmore, and then we finally get to see our phantom couple worshipping the fuckin thing. That's writing too. At any rate, another crew is doing that trash.

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ACTOR

Traffic's wicked! Thank you for coming.

WIFE

Nothing.

ACTOR

Your...tone out-corrodes my director's.

WIFE

English your native language?

ACTOR

Uhhh... Well! And what will they have me be next time?

WIFE

A man. That'd be a good one.